

## OUR SOCIAL CHAT

All letters intended for this department should be addressed to "Aunt Jennie," care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

### Aunt Jennie's Letter.

I have only time to greet you this week and say that I was delighted to hear from Mrs. Mull, who has not written in so long a time. Her letters are always interesting, but this one is especially so. It will be news to many of our readers to learn that some of the Indians in our own State still trade in so primitive a way.

Now, will others follow Mrs. Mull's example and tell us of their outings this season? There are so many interesting incidents you could relate and we would enjoy hearing you tell of them.

This is preserving and jelly season and a season in which you can save dollars for the winter by preparing an abundant store of canned articles for use when it is impossible to get fresh vegetables. Inspect the orchard and garden with your eyes open to this fact and see what you can do. There is usually enough wasted on an average farm to support a small family provided, of course, the woman of the house is economical and knows how to save. There is a vast difference in simple economy and thrift and economy combined. Some helpful hints for canners may be found on page 15 of last week's Progressive Farmer.

Let us hear from you.

AUNT JENNIE.

### Some Notes From Bertie.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—As education seems to be the only legitimate topic at the present time, I will tell you what some of the men around here have done.

Some months ago a terrible tempest swept over this section, leaving destruction in its wake, and while tearing up trees and demolishing houses, it threw some tall pines on the church-house at Mars Hill. The house is not damaged so very much, but the brethren decided instead of repairing, they would build a new and a finer one. The church is Missionary Baptist. So on last Conference day the County Superintendent was present and asked that the brethren donate the old church to the County School Board, for the purpose of building an academy, and said that the Board would consolidate the three surrounding districts and have a high school taught there.

The brethren with great unanimity and seemingly much pleasure, agreed to do so. So now we are living in hope of having a fine school right at our doors to educate the young people.

While writing, I will just state that the marriage ceremony of slaves in the community where I dwelt did not consist in jumping over brooms. The expectant bridegroom took his bride-elect on his arm and walked from her "cabin" to the front door of her master's mansion; the master came out and the young negro re-

quested the master to give that woman to him (the young slave) for a wife. The master would proceed to ask some questions of the couple, and then pronounce them husband and wife. Generally a wedding supper was served in the "cabin," to which the relatives of the contracting parties were invited. After supper, music and dancing or any kind of hilarity reigned for several hours, unless they were married on the Sabbath.

Aunt Jennie, I am always disappointed when I find no Social Chat in The Farmer, so I try to write as often as I can, but I have been quite feeble for the past few weeks, and so I have not felt like writing. And this letter is not entertaining, but I hope you will excuse it.

MRS. S. E. M.

Bertie Co., N. C.

### A Trip in Western North Carolina.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I am a housekeeper and a busy woman, but I take time occasionally to make a little trip. It always rests me up, and I feel better able to perform my usual duties when I get back home.

During the month of June my husband and I went out to Cherokee County on a long promised visit. We left Newton at a little past ten o'clock in the morning and so had the opportunity of seeing most of the country through which we passed in day time. At Hickory in this county the South Mountains are in full view, and when we reach Morganton they are very near, and Table Rock looms up in the distance. We next pass through McDowell County. Marion and Old Fort, the two principal towns have been improving very rapidly the last few years. Old Fort, at the foot of the mountains, was, before the Revolutionary War, the seat of a fort planted there to hold the Cherokee Indians on the other side of the mountains. It is now a summer resort and has some manufactures. The scenery from this place on to Asheville is very fine. We passed through seven tunnels. We reached Asheville about two o'clock, and were delayed several hours, but spent them very pleasantly with friends who were sojourning there for the summer.

After leaving Buncombe we enter the large and beautiful county of Haywood, remarkable for the long extent of its mountain ranges, the height of its numerous peaks, and the fertility of its soil. The Balsam Mountains here attain their greatest elevation. Here are fifteen peaks of more than 6,000 feet in height. Waynesville, the county seat, is finely situated in the valley of Richland Creek, overtopped by some of the grandest summits of the Balsam Mountains. It is a noted summer resort. I noticed many fine orchards through this county.

Next is the mountainous county of Jackson. In the northern part along the Tuckasee River, and Soco Creek is an Indian reservation inhabited by Cherokees. They have adopted the habits of the whites, are Chris-

tianized, go to school, pay taxes, and vote.

We next pass through Swain County, down the banks of the Tuckasee, then up that of the Tennessee and the Nantahala to the Macon County line. As we passed through here I thought of Mrs. McKinney who used to write for Social Chat from here. At Bryson City the conductor put all his white passengers into one car, as he said it was not necessary to take any more than was needed any farther through the mountains, and as it was getting dark at this place I took off my hat, and propped up myself on my seat and tried to sleep for the rest of the journey.

It was almost midnight when we reached Murphy. We went at once to the Dickey House, slept about five hours, had breakfast at six (and a very delicious one it was), and about eight o'clock took a carriage to go a few miles out in the country. What a lovely drive it was! I got out once, to drink some water from a spring by the road side and gather a bunch of ferns and rhododendrons.

We reach our destination in an hour or two, and what a royal welcome Miss Harshan, the gentle mistress of the fine old mansion, gave us! It was a large white frame building, surrounded by nine stately cedar trees, and in the distance flowed the Hiwassee, and on either side of it were broad bottom lands in a high state of cultivation, and farther on rose the grand mountain ranges.

Her place is known as the Jug Farm as it was once owned by an old Cherokee Indian chief by the name of Jug. Miss Harshan showed us many old things that had been used more than a century ago. One was a large heavy solid walnut chest, beautifully carved, which had been brought over from Germany by her ancestors one hundred and thirty years ago, and it was packed full of old family keep sakes, fine pieces of china, old pewter ware, old silk dresses made with pointed bodices, with wide sheared skirts and elbow sleeves, bundles of embroidered undersleeve; we also saw a heavy silk shawl of beautiful design. And what a lovely old fashioned garden she had, part for flowers, and part for vegetables. In the shadow of the willows on the near banks of the Hiwassee she keeps her own boat locked, and in the cool of the long summer evening she and her maid row up and down the river.

While I was there I saw the Indian women traveling around the country selling the baskets they make, for corn. The price of each basket, large or small was the corn it would hold. I was told the men were very lazy and imposed all the hard tasks on the women. The women carried heavy sacks of corn, and the men walked along entirely unencumbered.

Col. Abe Harshan, the genial brother of our hostess, and owner of a big cattle ranch on Snow Bird and Tillico Mountain, and one of the finest farms and homes in the county, took great interest in showing us around. We rode along the banks of

the Hiwassee where many varieties of ferns and evergreens grow, along the side of frightful cliffs where the rhododendrons drooped over the road, and we could gather them as we passed, and no noise except the singing of the birds and the murmur of the river. After spending several days in the country we reluctantly bade our dear friends good bye. Miss Harshan presented me with a piece of my great grandmother's dress. She was Mrs. Harshan and was born in 1758, and died near Morganton, N. C., in 1835.

Cherokee County occupies the extreme western corner of this State. It touches the States of Tennessee and Georgia on the east and south. It has fine agricultural lands. Murphy, the county seat, is a pretty little town of about one thousand inhabitants. They have a very fine court house, which would be a credit to a much larger place. Here in Murphy on our return home we met Rev. Baylus Cade, so well known to readers of The Progressive Farmer. He is pastor of the Baptist Church here, and is much admired by all the different denominations.

We took the train for home at ten in the morning, and had an opportunity to see the country through which we passed. We saw the Cherokee Marble Works and were given some specimens of it. Many beautiful little towns and homes are scattered along the railroad throughout the mountain country. The beauty of the scenery is indescribable along the whole way from Murphy to Asheville. We reached the latter place late in the afternoon and stopped to spend a day or two. We found the view from the front verandah of the Battery Park Hotel very grand, commanding prospects of the whole country around. We also went to Biltmore and then came on home, more impressed than ever that North Carolina has the finest mountain scenery in the United States.

( MRS. ALICE MULL.

Catawba Co., N. C.

### Cleaning the Scalp.

For a number of years I was troubled with a fine white dandruff which formed on the scalp and would show all through my hair. I tried many remedies without success, such as cleaning with egg, washing with soaps that were recommended, and combing with a fine comb, but the more I combed the worse it got, and the washing only did good for a few days. A friend advised me to try using kerosene oil. I first gave my head a good washing, and then poured out a little oil in a dish handy to insert the ends of my fingers. The ends of the fingers were dipped into the oil and the scalp thoroughly rubbed with it. This burned and smarted for some time but it was just what was needed to get up a good circulation in the scalp.

After three or four applications, some time apart, the dandruff entirely disappeared, and never gives me any more trouble. The smell of the kerosene will disappear in a day or two, but it is really no worse than to have the hair filled with the dandruff. This is such a simple remedy and one that is always at hand and will surely do the work successfully.—Mrs. Rena A. Osborn.